

# THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.

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## THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

LOCAL NEWS AND HOME READING.

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## News Summary.

**Foreign.**—Geodetic Association meeting at Italy adopts Greenwich meridian mean noon as the true beginning of the universal hour of the globe; that comes of the world being made round instead of square. —France, in a Yellow Book, prints bilious information about Tonquin. —Lord Lansdowne comes by ship to his flock in Canada. —Black Flags in force at Bosphorus. —Mayne Reel, capital writer for young folks but not so good when he tried older people, dead in London. —H. W. Gwinner, prominent R. R. man, inexplicably shoots himself in Bond Street; wasn't 49 the Cunningham-Burdell house? —Princeton walks over Lafayette and Stevens at football; new graduating degree proposed: B. K. ball kicker. —Hoadley's majority in Ohio, 1,388. —Jefferson's monument at last finished; Declaration of Independence doesn't count. —Chili and Peru sign treaty of peace; Iglesias reaches Lima. —Earthquake at Tangier, three at Gibraltar, and another in Portuguese cabinet; we keep "earthquake" standing in type, as we need it each week! —What do you think of a German man who eats raw ham whenever he can, and so trichinosis himself in a fix? At Ermsleben, 366! —Si Sliman, who ought to be a Yankee by his name, insurgent chief in Algeria, dead. —Lord Coleridge; farewell dinner, New York city. —The Pope about to all out respecting the Church. —Earthquake at Chios kills one thousand persons; earthquakes are moving westward. —Heavy quake, Scottish coast.

**Domestic.**—Lieut. Garlington replies against Greeley. —Charges against Norfolk Navy Yard, dismissed. —Lakeville, Conn., in a religious war; "no more Irish need apply." —N. Y. Bapt. Miss. Conv. at Buffalo. —Snow in White Mountain region. —Horse shoe at Madison Sq. Garden; best set of brutes exhibited there for some time. —Aldermen's Com. refuse the Herald's news stand proposal. —Porter delivers himself up, and is indicted for murder of Walsh. —Banks Co., Ga., Ku Klux trials in progress. —Opera war begun; Abbey said to have the society folks, and Maple-son the singers. —Matthew Arnold arrived to diffuse "sweetness and light" from the lecture platform. —Rev. A. M. Randolph, Asst. Bp. of Virginia. —Asst. Bp. Potter preaches his first sermon to Blackwell's Island prisoners. —Henry Irving and Ellen Terry arrived. —Yellow fever, possibly, in Alabama. —Henry Ward Beecher home from lecturing tour in the West. —Yacht "Gracie" beats Beaulieu and Oriva, and yacht Fanny beats "Gracie." —Train robbers on Iron Mt. R. R. —Congl. Association sharply discuss temperance resolutions; indications are that the Prohibition Party has made a concerted attack all along the religious line.

## About Town.

—Miss Sarah C. Cockeair is visiting friends in Rye, N. Y.

—Rev. F. N. Pelonbet, of Natick, Mass., is in town for a brief visit with his father.

—Mr. James Conway, of Boston, a former resident of town, has been spending several days with his relatives here.

—Dr. Edward Stubbett is doubtful about returning to China, but thinks he may choose Oregon as the field of his future labors.

—Miss Mary Levy, daughter of B. Levy, and Burnett Higgins were united in matrimony on Wednesday evening by the Rev. J. M. Nardiello.

—The Westminster Church property has been greatly improved by being surrounded by a new Hayden's Steel Strand fence.

—Dr. Dio. Lewis is to lecture in Belleville on "Exercise and Respiration"—two matters in which Bellevillians ought to be deeply interested.

—Miss Maggie Keyler, daughter of John G. Keyler has just returned from a short visit at Lawrence, Mass., where her sister now resides.

—Some pumpkins! The two which were exhibited at the B. B. S. festival last week measured respectively six feet four inches, and six feet in circumference.

—Mr. A. Day and wife sailed for England in the new steamer Oregon, on Tuesday, having abandoned, for the present, at least, the idea of locating in Florida.

—The Combination Roll and Rubber Company have broken ground for an addition to their mills, by which they expect to secure larger rooms and a better adjustment of machinery.

—Mr. J. W. Brereton, the watchmaker is about to close his store permanently. He gives notice that watches, clocks, and jewelry (now in the shop for repairs) not called for before October 30, will be sold to defray expenses.

—Dullness in the paper trade has caused the closing of the Weymouth Paper Mills. A number of the hands have

gone away, and others will probably follow. It is not known how long the lockout will last.

—This cool weather suggests that there is considerable loose timber lying along upper Broad Street, which would look better piled up in somebody's wood shed. They call them *sidewalks*, probably because most people walk alongside of them. It is a good thing to do, especially of a dark night.

—There will be an amateur minstrel entertainment at Library Hall, November 14. The instigators of the plot are the same gentlemen who so successfully and satisfactorily managed several similar affairs under the auspices of the late Mabel Association. Its success is therefore guaranteed.

—The Ladies' Aid Society of the German Church, have shown their appreciation of the services rendered by the organist, Mr. Gottfried Voss, by refurbishing and carpeting his room at the Seminary.

—The long needed and much talked of improvements at the Montclair railroad station have at last been begun. A new chimney has been put up, which will probably stand the storms of several years.

—Some unknown rowdies, Thursday night, broke down the fence at the upper end of Mr. John H. Chambers' place; they also tried to destroy a young tree at the same place. Any information as to the identity of the fellows will be gladly received by Mr. Chambers.

—We are pleased to note that Dr. J. M. Wilson has returned to Bloomfield. The Doctor has been located in Orange for six months past, attending to the practice of a brother physician who has been visiting the far West. Dr. Wilson may be found at the residence of Mr. E. Wilde on Bloomfield Avenue, near Broad Street.

—The Essex County Hunt has arranged some impromptu races for next Monday afternoon. The course will be on Ridgewood Avenue, north of the Bridge over M. & G. L. R. R., a part of the avenue seldom used. The first event, at 3 o'clock, will be a half mile dash; 2d, at 3:30, a mile hurdle race over six hurdles; 3d, at 4 o'clock, farmers' race, for purse of \$25.00; to conclude with a 1½ mile steeple chase.

—Mr. Crease, who was injured last week by one of Mr. Jas. C. Beach's horses, is better, and it is thought, will recover. Mr. C. L. Ward, coming near the horse after it had been shod and while it was still frightened, also received a broken leg. An examination by a veterinary surgeon showed that the animal was seriously ill with brain trouble, and should have been approached more carefully. But this later development does not help Mr. Ward, whose leg is in a very precarious condition.

## The Democratic Primary.

At the Democratic primary meeting, held last Thursday evening, delegates were elected as follows: Messrs. John Lockwood, W. B. Corby, T. P. Heart, and Thomas Flannery. The convention will be held at Montclair on Tuesday.

**Popular Concert at Catholic Union Hall.**  
A large and appreciative audience assembled in Union Hall last Wednesday evening to listen to a very good programme, rendered entirely by home talent. There were fifteen numbers and nearly as many encores, clearly proving that the concert was, as claimed in the advertisement, popular. The programme was as follows:

### PART FIRST.

1. Piano and violin, "Maritana" (Wallace), Mrs. H. J. Sayers and Mr. J. O'Brien.
2. Charity (Rossini), solos and chorus.
3. Soprano solo, "The Reason Why" (Blumenthal), Mrs. James L. Walsh.
4. Piano solo, "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls" (Pape), Mrs. A. L. Farrington.
5. Tenor solo, "If I were a Knight of the Olden Time" (Millard), Mr. M. O'Brien.
6. Duet, "Land of the Swallows" (Massini), Mrs. Dr. F. W. Bennett, Mr. James L. Walsh.
7. Solo, "Birds in Dreamland Sleep" (White), Mrs. A. L. Farrington.
8. Trio, "Tyrolean Serenade" (Rex), Messrs. J. L. Walsh, M. O'Brien, J. O'Brien.

### PART SECOND.

1. Piano duet, "La Radiense" (Gottschalk), Mrs. A. L. Farrington, Mrs. H. J. Sayers.
2. Solo, "Darling" (Millard), Mrs. Dr. F. W. Bennett.
3. Duet, "See the Pale Moon" (Campana), Miss M. O'Brien, Miss Higgins.
4. Solo, "Swiss Song" (Eckhart), Mrs. A. L. Farrington.
5. Quartet, "Give Me My Own Native Isle" (White), Misses and Messrs. O'Brien.
6. Baritone solo, "Eventide" (Gumbert), Mr. James L. Walsh.
7. "Let the Hills and Vales Resound" (Richards), chorus.

We cannot give a detailed description of the music; but taken as a whole, the programme was judiciously selected and very creditably rendered. The trio, "Tyrolean Serenade," brought down the house, and the piano duet, "La Radiense," by Mrs. Farrington and Sayers, was deservedly well received. Much credit is certainly due to the managers of the concert and to the ladies and gentlemen who participated in it, and we trust that the financial results were satisfactory.

## Copper in the Quarry.

Mr. E. B. Corby, in working the brownstone quarry on Bloomfield Avenue, has uncovered quite a bed of copper ore. It is about eighteen inches in thickness,

and may prove to be valuable. The grandfather of Mr. Wilde once went through a tunnel or drift made by those who worked this stratum fully one hundred and fifty years ago. He picked up tools there similar to those employed by Cornish miners, and it was apparent that the tunneling was done for copper, as it was worked through the solid brownstone. Mr. Corby in removing the stone above and below the copper ore must necessarily utilize this deposit. He has a good quality of sandstone in both places, and he hopes that the copper may be made to pay for itself. By degrees he is making a pretty large hole in that quarry and we wish him the best of luck with his ore. The remains of an old drift made by the unknown pioneers can now be distinctly seen.

## Republican Primary Meeting.

The primary meeting of the Republican voters, to elect delegates to the Assembly Convention, was held in Wilde's Hall on Monday evening. The attendance was quite large, and included many gentlemen who do not make a practice of attending primary meetings.

Mr. Chas. M. Davis was elected chairman, and Mr. M. W. Jones secretary of the meeting. The call was then read, and on motion it was voted to elect delegates by ballot.

Nominations being called for, some one in the rear of the room presented a printed ticket, bearing the names of Thomas Oakes, John G. Keyler, John M. Van Winkle, Wm. Colfax, N. Harvey Dodd, Grant A. Wheeler, William Eller, and Thos. E. Hayes for delegates, and the name of Walter S. Freeman for member of the County Committee.

C. N. Bovee, Esq., then placed in nomination John Sherman, Horace Dodd, Halsey M. Barrett, Henry K. Benson, John Newton, A. B. Brewer, W. R. Weeks, and Wm. A. Baldwin, and the name of N. Harvey Dodd for member of the County Committee.

Mr. Bovee also read and offered the following preamble and resolution:

*Whereas*, The late member of the Legislature from this district has fulfilled his whole duty with fidelity and ability; and

*Whereas*, We are about to elect delegates to the coming convention; therefore

*Resolved*, That we do endorse and approve the record made by such member, and if in the exercise of a wise discretion they shall deem it for the best interests of the people, then it is our wish and we do advise such delegates to cast their votes for John H. Parsons, of Montclair.

Some discussion then ensued in regard to these resolutions, shared in by Mr. Bovee, W. R. Weeks, E. A. Smith, Jas. E. Beach, Grant A. Wheeler, Geo. W. Cook, Thos. Oakes, Rev. S. W. Duffield, and others, from which it appeared that a friendly regard for Mr. Parsons and appreciation of his services in the Legislature was very generally felt in Bloomfield, and the resolutions as read were then adopted.

A vote was then had with the following result:

Thos. Oakes, 62; John G. Keyler, 51; J. M. Van Winkle, 51; Grant A. Wheeler, 44; Thos. E. Hayes, 43; Wm. Eller, 50; N. H. Dodd, 52; W. Colfax, 32. And this ticket was declared elected, except as to Grant A. Wheeler, whose vote was a tie with that for John Sherman.

Mr. N. H. Dodd was elected a member of the County Committee in place of Mr. Walter S. Freeman by a vote of 45 to 43.

It was then decided to proceed to elect one more delegate, and Mr. Wheeler and Mr. Sherman were again nominated. At this point Mr. Walter S. Freeman proposed to vote the seven delegates who were elected power to elect one more and so complete the ticket, but it was decided that this would not be a legal proceeding, and the motion was overruled. Mr. Freeman then moved for a recount of the votes, but Mr. Bovee insisted that a recount could only be had on an allegation of fraud or mistake, and Mr. Freeman's motion was laid on the table, and a second ballot was commenced. The delegates who had left the room were summoned, and one belated individual rushed in, just in time to vote for "Wheeler and victory," and Mr. Wheeler was elected by a vote of 37 to 36.

The real test of the feeling of the meeting is seen in the vote for member of the County Committee, as none of those who voted for the ticket nominated by Mr. Bovee had the slightest desire to defeat Mr. Oakes, or the most of the other gentlemen who were on the ticket with him.

On motion of Mr. Wheeler, the members of the County Committee were empowered to call all future meetings. Something of a breeze was stirred by a statement of Mr. Wheeler's that the successful ticket had been agreed upon by the Republican Club. This was promptly denied by Mr. C. M. Davis, the president of the club, and the truth seemed to be that certain members of its executive committee had made up of its full printed ticket after the club had gone home.

The meeting then adjourned.

## A Boy's Terrible Experience.

Jesse, a fourteen-year-old son of David Wilson, of Marcy Avenue, near Meadow East Orange, met with a terrible accident at Israel L. Dodd's saw mill, about 4 o'clock Monday afternoon. The boy had staid away from school that afternoon and went to the mill to play. No particular attention was paid to him, and he went down in the cellar and amused himself in the saw dust. Suddenly, the saw partially stopped; Oscar Dodd, who was running it, thinking the belt was loose, shut off the water, thus stopping the mill, and went down stairs to ascertain what was wrong. On reaching the cellar he was startled to see the body of the boy caught between the pulley and the belt. It was found that one of the boy's legs and one of his arms were broken. The arm was so badly shattered that it was considered necessary to amputate it near the shoulder. The escape of the boy from instant death seems almost miraculous, as he must have been whirled around at the rate of about one hundred times a minute, and it was more than a minute from the time the saw stopped until the machinery ceased motion. In the ground, beneath the lower pulley, was a hole about six inches deep that had been dug by his heels as he was making his terrible revolutions, and the heels of his shoes had been torn off while repeatedly striking the ground. —Orange Journal.

## Republican Assembly Convention.

The Primary meeting on Monday evening was attended by a large number of voters, and resulted in the election of delegates who commanded the respect of all present. Though resolutions were passed endorsing Mr. Parsons, and asking our delegates to consider the propriety of renominating him for one year more. It was nevertheless expected that the name of Mr. McGowan would be presented, and that his nomination would follow. Mr. McGowan, however, construed the resolutions as intended to oppose his candidacy, and refused to permit his name to be brought forward, and Mr. George B. Harrison of Caldwell was nominated. Mr. Harrison is highly spoken of by his friends and acquaintances, and will make a useful and active member.

## To Keep Plows from Rusting.

A correspondent writes to know how to keep plows from rusting. If there is any one subject upon which we feel perfectly at home, it is the treatment of plows. It is a matter to which we have devoted the best years of our life, and our friend has struck the right source of information.

In the fall of the year, after you have got through fooling around with your plow, it should be carefully taken apart and then numbered so that it can be put together at a moment's notice in case of fire. The thills and side boards should be carefully oiled over with cod liver oil, and put away in a dry place where the moths will not trouble them. The hemmer and sticher should be put in a secure wooden case and covered with a strong lye. This will keep the rusts most and prevent shrinkage. A too common fault is to expose them to the air, and thus prevent them from coming to maturity, as rapidly as they otherwise would. Take the other portions of the plow, rub thoroughly in a good suds, wring out, and place upon the line until entirely dry. Then put in tin or cut glass cans, and place in a cool, dry cellar, and in the spring will be found possessing body, aroma, and sparkle, and free from the slightest tendency to sour.

## The Prohibition Party and the Prohibitionists.

To The Bloomfield Citizen:  
The article in last week's issue under the above head places those of us who voted with the majority in a wrong position. The amendment that created so much animated discussion was as follows:

"Without pledging ourselves to any political party, we declare ourselves in favor of the legal prohibition of the liquor traffic."

Now this was a plain and earnest declaration of a great religious denomination upon a most vital question—the enormous and disgraceful sin of the liquor business; but why this action should consign us to the "Prohibition Party," it is extremely difficult to understand. Neither was there such "injurious haste," for the entire day was devoted to it, and every opportunity afforded for a fair, full, and free consideration, and on the last "aye and no" vote the amendment was carried by 174 to 87.

Now, please don't thrust so hurriedly and so unceremoniously into this "one-measure party" two-thirds of this Synod, for you may have to do the same thing with the General Assembly, who, at their last session, only few months ago, "hailed with acclamations of joy and thanks-giving the utter extermination of the traffic in intoxicating liquors, as a beverage, by the power of Christian conscience, public opinion, and the strong arm of the civil law." J. G. B.

Bloomfield, Oct. 26, 1883.

## The Essex County Hunt.

To The Bloomfield Citizen:  
The gentlemen connected with this association have exhibited a very limited knowledge of farming, when they assert that at this season there are no crops to injure by them, and the only damages they can do is to fences.

The fall vegetables are not yet gathered, and the farmers with great labor and expense have just sown with wheat or rye, with the best of fertilizers and the best improved tools, making their land level and smooth for the reaper and mowing machine. Such ground would be almost ruined by such incursions. Then much of the land about here is devoted to gardening, and there are fields where hundreds of dollars would not pay the damage that might be done in five minutes just at this time of the year.

Then to a rational man the whole thing is perfectly silly. Fancy a lot of trained hounds and partially trained horses, and their riders, hurrying over partially removed fences and fields of grain, through barnyards and around dwellings, following a *smell*; they call it a *drag*. They were more successful in the last foray. The hounds found a kitten about six inches long, which they hunted from the barn to the kitchen door, where the whole pack were met and dispersed by a broomstick or something of that sort wielded by the mistress of the establishment. They are chased by boys, defied by men, and are violating the law, at every turn from the public highway.

Then these obstreperous farmers own the lands, which are not only the work-shops where their living is made by their cultured toil, but from these grounds the fruit and vegetables for our towns and cities are grown. And the hunt has no business on these farms whatever.

If foreign sports are to be introduced here by the snobbish imitators of the follies, not the virtues, of our own distant cousins, let them buy a park and get a fox; instead of following a bag of odorous bones over lands they have no right to enter.

The north end of the town is moving determinedly in this matter; and should these destructive and offensive raids be repeated in that locality, there will not only be threats of storms, but arguments of a different character may cause the hunt to regret they ever visited BROOKDALE.

## Ballots.

### The Bob-tail Car.

When first I saw sweet Peggy,  
'Twas on a stormy day,  
She stood within a bob-tail car,  
Upon the soaking hay.  
And when, all decked with flowers of Spring,  
That hay was blooming grass,  
No blade was seen  
One-half so green  
As this lovely country lass.

Not knowing much of bob-tail cars,  
She tightly clutched her fare,  
Nor thought of going to the box  
To drop her five cents there.  
At length the driver turned around,  
And with a saucy stare,  
Yelled through the crowd,  
In accents loud:  
"Say! you ain't paid no fare."

She blushed when I politely said,  
Quite softly, "Miss, your fare;  
And, captivated by her looks,  
I fell a victim there.  
Although they do jolt awfully,  
If in them one rides far,  
Yet as for life,  
Peggy's my wife,  
I'll bet on the bob-tail car.

A rising man—an aeronaut.

Reduction ascending—cheap rooms on the top floor.

A dishonest general—the one who stole a march.

The right style—the stylographic pen.

The Wellesley Courant is like a popular cash-down tailor—it clips well, but gives no credit.

"THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN had better 'look a leetle out.' There is as much French in its 'Ballot' author's talk as there is Dutch in its correspondent 'Gasbag's' words."

Thus the *Frenchtown Star* rises up and remarks in its unabashed ignorance. If there is was, or will be any French in the *Ballots*, we don't know it. But the *Frenchtown Star* does. That is, it thinks it does. Our Dutch and French are carefully toned down to the level of our esteemed contemporaries' experience—but really, we did not propose to be funnier than we knew about ourselves.

Don't take your Parsons mixed. Parsons the person isn't the same as Parsons of Montclair. There's no license about Parsons the person—but then there is no liberty, either.

A new "daily temperance paper" is to be called *The Comet*—probably because it will come to perihelion rapidly; but it ought not to be because it will then slide off into obscure darkness. The name is too suggestive—better ex-planet.

Somebody put an owl in a box and spread a newspaper over him. The owl went straight through the paper, and now has an engagement on the scissors and paste department of an exchange which we frequently see.

A female tenor is creating a sensation at Naples. Pity she pitched it so low down. If she had only been a twelve-er or a sixteen-er! But then you never can get these women to be honest about their ages.

The man who wrote "See that my grave is kept green" has gone to roost in a penitentiary in Indiana.

"Walter Evans, aged ninety," recently died among the Pennsylvania Dutch. Walter's slight eccentricity was his refusal to leave his farm lest he should meet a woman. He was sensitive, and hated to see the women run at sight of him.

"Any person obtaining for us four new subscribers will be entitled to an extra copy of *The Star* free for the same length of time." —*Frenchtown Star*.

We never knew before how long a subscriber usually was, or how far he could run.

Is a bat in the eye worse than a box on the ear? Nay, verily, because you get your bat with a club, but your box comes single.

A kiss in the dark is called unseen happiness—but just try the edge of a door about 2 A. M.

There's a new clue to Charley Ross. When he is found he ought to be regularly lynched, if all the clues have held fast. That reminds us that this last clue was a slip-knot in the hands of Judge Lynch.

"We desire" says an exchange, "to change our newspaper press at once, and need your mite." So they have to call men in off the street to help lift, do they?

If shell-barks bring only seventy-five cents a bushel, how much ought hard shell Democrats to be by the bag—when you bag them?

A sleeper on the track was struck by the Worcester train in Providence Saturday evening, and the *Transcript* tests our credulity by saying that although a collision occurred, no damage was done. Perhaps the sleeper was intoxicated when he made this narrow escape.

The *Montclair Times* calmly speaks of "hashish houses in New York"—Any boarding house, even in Montclair, is sometimes hashish—but that does not entitle it to the name of hashish house.

Here is a "cabinet maker" who advertises "walnut suits." He need not undertake to disguise his proper business in that way.

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